

REDEEMING HIS NAME. BY ELIOT MALCOLM, Author of "A Daughter of Israel," "Sir Mortimer's Heir," Etc.

CHAPTER I. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"Maude!"

"Dick!"

Then the two who had suddenly and un-

expectedly met stood gazing at one another

in silence—he with a look of passionate

earnestness, she with a look of surprise

and quivering lips.

"I was just thinking of you," he said,

presently, and his voice trembled with

suppressed emotion. "But that is nothing new,"

he added, with a short, bitter laugh. "You

are always in my thoughts, Maude."

His words made the girl draw herself up

to her full height, and the momentary flush

died out of her delicately checked face.

"We cannot stand here," she said, with

quiet dignity. "We are blocking up the way,

and attracting attention. Good-by!" And

she held out her hand to him.

"Good-by!" he echoed dumbly. "You are

not going to be so cruel as to dismiss me

like this, when it is months since I saw you

last?"

They were standing on the narrow pave-

ment in St. Paul's Churchyard, and during

the brief moments of their meeting more

than one passer-by had turned to gaze at

them with curiosity or amusement.

They were by no means an ordinary-

looking pair. Richard Hanbury, tall, well-

built frame and handsome face made him

conspicuous even in a London crowd; and

the girl with whom he was pleading was a

beauty of no common type.

"We cannot stand here," she repeated

faltering. "I—I do wish you would go, Mr.

Hanbury."

"Mr. Hanbury?" he echoed, in dismay.

"Has it come to that, Maude?"

She looked up into his face with sudden

determination.

"You know it came to that long ago, so

please go!" And she turned away from

him.

"Won't you give me five minutes, Maude?"

he said, striding after her. "You don't

know what it will mean to me if you don't."

She paused, and a look of mingled pain

and compassion came into her face which

he was quick to see, and, seizing his oppor-

tunity with desperate eagerness, he ex-

claimed:

"Let us go into St. Paul's. We can talk

quietly there."

The girl hesitated a moment more; then,

in silence, she turned and walked by his

side as he led the way up the broad flight

of steps into the stately cathedral.

"I have been trying hard to get to-

keep right for your sake, darling," he whis-

pered. "And if you had sent me away from

you, I should have been driven to despera-

tion again. Oh, Maude, will you not give

me one more chance?"

They had taken two seats in a quiet part

of the great solemn building, with no one

near enough, or close enough, to notice

them. At his words the girl again drew

back, with a deprecating gesture.

"I can only remain here, Richard, on con-

dition that you will keep to your promise."

"What promise?" he exclaimed dejectedly.

"The promise that we should meet as

friends, and nothing more," she answered,

keeping her eyes steadily averted from his.

"I don't see how it is possible," he cried.

"Life is unbearable without you, Maude!"

And again forgetting the compact, he

leaned forward and laid his hand on hers.

"Richard"—and there was a tone of hor-

ror in Maude Illingworth's voice—"you are

not true to your promise, in more ways

than one. You have broken your vow again,

haven't you?"

The young man drew back, and a deep

flush mounted to his brow.

"How can you expect anything else?" he

muttered. Then, after a moment's silence,

he exclaimed passionately, "I always told

you, Maude, that you were my one safe-

guard from the cursed drink! With your

love to help me, and your companionship to

keep me from the men who have been my

ruin, I could have got right—I know per-

fectly well I could have got right! But with-

out you I have nothing—absolutely nothing

—to keep me!" And he covered his face

with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"It was never so, Richard," she answered

terred a large, well-appointed office, where

several clerks were at work.

At his appearance these individuals ex-

changed significant glances with one an-

other, a proceeding which did not escape

the notice of the new-comer, who was

seized with an almost irresistible temptation

to punch the head of the nearest.

"Tell Mr. Hanbury I wish to see him,"

he said, haughtily. And then stood, with

lightening color, while one of the clerks

went to do his bidding.

CHAPTER II. BROKEN VOWS.

It was some moments before the clerk re-

turned, and Richard Hanbury, fuming with

indignation, walked over to the window,

and looked out on the hurrying throngs in

the street below, with eyes that saw nothing.

The silence in the office was broken

only by the scratching of pens; but the

young man was keenly conscious of the

significant looks that were being exchanged

at his expense.

He knew that every clerk in the firm of

Philip Hanbury was aware of his position,

and why he no longer occupied the post he

had held in his father's lifetime, and the

thought made his blood tingle with rage

and humiliation.

He was just about to send another mes-

senger after the first, when the man re-

turned, to say that Mr. Hanbury would see

him; and, with some twenty pairs of eyes

directed toward him, he walked, with head

erect, to the door which communicated

with his brother's private office.

He had not been in the place for some

time, and as he passed down the familiar

passage a rush of memories swept over him

of the father who had forgiven him again

and again, and had done his utmost

to keep him from the path of ruin.

As he thought of the gray head bent

over the desk, and the kind face, beamed

with something very like tears gathered

in his eyes; but the calm and indifferent

look came back as he opened the door at

the end of the passage, and entered an of-

fice marked "Private."

Instead of the gray hairs and the bent

form, a sleek, black head, set on a pair

of well-knit shoulders, was raised as Richard

appeared in the doorway, and a cold, me-

lancholic voice greeted him with an abrupt

"Good-morning!" which salutation the

younger man answered by a careless nod.

Thus the two brothers met—Philip Han-

bury, the polished gentleman, the pride and

support of his family, the respected citizen,

the irreproachable business-man; and Rich-

ard, his brother, drunkard and profligate.

"I was just going out," the former said,

and he glanced toward his sleek silk hat

and gold-headed umbrella, which lay at his

elbow—"and can only spare five minutes."

"You are always out, or just going out,

when I happen to come!" retorted the other,

with a scornful curl of his handsome lip.

I have called about the money which was

due to me six weeks ago. Perhaps you will

inform me why it has not been sent?"

Philip Hanbury's face grew a shade paler.

"I am afraid you will have to wait still

longer for it," he answered. "No dividends

have yet been paid."

"I don't believe you, Philip. You have put

me off like this before. I want the money,

and shall be obliged if you will write me

out a check for the amount while I wait."

"I tell you the money has not been paid

in," Philip answered, with lips that were

white with passion, "and I have no inten-

tion of advancing it."

Then I shall be under the painful neces-

sity of insisting into the matter," said his

brother, seating himself in the nearest chair.

"You had better write me out a check at

once, Philip, and save any unpleasantness."

And, leaning back, he surveyed the other,

with a strange light shining in his eyes.

"And who are you, that you should dare

address me in this manner?" the Philip

Hanbury rose to his feet, his handsome,

well-cut features drawn with suppressed

fury. "Leave my office at once, or I will

have you turned out!"

Richard rose also, and the brothers stood

together, face to face.

Richard was the stronger, fiercer man of

the two, and in their boyhood days he had

always come off best in the fights which oc-

casional place between them. It was

difficult work at this moment to keep his

hands off the man whose presence seemed

always to rouse his worst passions; but he

who, like himself, had lived without God,

and without hope. The Holy Spirit had

brought home to him his own deep need of

pardon and salvation; and to-night, as he

paced his room, his heart went out in agon-

ized prayer for the forgiveness of his sin,

and deliverance from the curse that had

held him so long.

But as yet he knew not the simplicity of

God's way of salvation, and all through the

hours of that night fiercer and fiercer the

battle raged.

Returning day brought no relief, and once

more he left the house, and wandered aim-

lessly through Kensington Gardens, and

thence to the Park, wondering whether

the time would ever come when the open-air

meeting would again assemble.

This time there was no shrinking or turn-

ing back. He was desperately in earnest.

If salvation from sin and guilt was to be

had, he must get it, at all costs. He cared

nothing now for what his friends might

think or say of him. He was willing to lose

the whole world—yes, even though it in-

cluded the girl he almost worshipped. An

all-absorbing desire possessed him to find

deliverance from that which had wrecked

and ruined him; and whatever the conse-

quences might be, he would seek and obtain

it, or end the matter in another way.

But Richard Hanbury had unconsciously

come to the place where three parts of the

battle had already been fought, and there

was but little more to make the victory

complete.

Maude had received a letter from Dick,

throwing it into her pocket with trem-

bling hands, she sped away to her own

room, and read it there.

"My Dear Maude," (this was not the way

she usually began his letters, not even

since she had broken off her engagement

with him, and her heart gave a great throb

of surprise and disappointment as she read

the words)—

"I have not dared to write to you, lest

the wonderful change that has come into

my life should, after all, prove to be only

a delusion, and pass away; but three weeks

have gone since I discovered that there was

a way out of my misery and sin, and to-

day, instead of its being 'only a delusion,' I

am proving it to be a great and a glorious

reality."

"Do you remember telling me you were

sure that only religion could save me? I

did not know what you meant at the time,

but I know now, I know that it is the one

remedy for me. And yet I cannot call this

wonderful change 'religion.' That is such

a cold word, and does not express anything

of the peace and joy that has come into my

life."

"I have not found 'religion,' but Christ. It

is he who has delivered me from my sin,

and filled me with longing for the life to